NARCOOCHEE

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J. GIBSON WORRILL

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NARCOOCHEE

"With the heart of a child, a forest child."

FRONTISPIECE

NARCOOCHEE

BY

I. GIBSON WORRILL

ILLUSTRATED BY

MRS. KATHERINE WORRILL BOWERS

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To

Her whom I call "Mother"
my guide, companion, and friend, my beloved
stepmother
GERALDINE WORRILL
this book is affectionately inscribed

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NARCOOCHEE

Columbia's heart enshrines a story
Whose heroes, passed into ages hoary,
Untempled, wear no halo glory.
Cherokee sons forget their sires,
Legends, songs, in light of new fires.
Must their heroes be forgot e'ermore,
Forgot their worthy deeds of yore,
Heroes whose land we now possess?
To God, whose 'tis to curse and bless,
They rendered not obedience due,
And on themselves just sentence drew.
Through the forest proud, content,
As the centuries came and went,
For food or fight their bow was bent.
Nature smiled or wept in vain,
No sympathy in joy or pain.
Obedient unto God's decree,
Earth cast down, pained to be free—
Under the curse for Adam's sake,
Trembling, pleading, oft she spake:
"I cannot give thee bread for naught;
With labor must thy bread be bought.
A priceless feast I cannot spread—

In the 'sweat of thy face, eat thou thy bread.'"
Heeding not the warning given,
Forth from home and lands were driven;
Their probation at last was done,
Cycles counted by the sun;
Journeying from pole to pole,
As the years unceasing roll,
Their full tale at last was told,
That should the divine decrees unfold—
A people come obedient,
Subdue the earth subservient.
So with nations as with men;
None may live and prosper barren.
Remnants of their banished race,
Obedient now, are finding grace,
And yet may make them greater fame,
More honorable, enduring name.
They only exalted are, and free,
Who humble bow to God's decree.
From the shadow of ages to bring
To the light of our present their glory,
Of a time in the far, far past I sing
This Legend, this Cherokee story;
Of a time ere the Spanish fleet sailed out
On the unknown sea by western route,
In the search for lands of spice and gold,
And more than they sought, a thousand-fold,
Columbus found, and yet untold

"He wore alone the eagle's crest."

FACING
10

Its glory, fame, and priceless worth—
The dread sea gave a new world birth!

On this fair land the Cherokee sun
Smiled brightest, and her heart had won,
Where Yonah lifts his solemn face;
Monument of a noble race,
That waked and slept about its base,
Where Chattahoochee rolls its flood,
Oft mingled their heroic blood;
And the Mound that must ever be
To us as them a mystery—
Narcoochee, here henceforth we'll see
Thy virtues had in memory.

In generations long agone
Yonah of a race of chiefs was born.
Great he was called, yet not because
His height rose o'er nature's laws;
Great he was called, but not because
Hosts he led to conquering wars.
Though nations trembled at his name,
Feared was his bow, his arrow's fame
Had spread to distant tribes, and far
Beyond the Mississippi's flow,
'Twas told how this great warrior,
Of Eastern tribes that flourished fair
When first he drew the bow,

Had passed away, and no more were;
Their names now only spoke to tell
How Yonah fought, and how they fell.
No mean spirit warmed his breast,
He wore alone the eagle's crest;
Nor is it too much to say
He could have taught this modern day
Lessons in wisdom, justice, truth,
Nor with speech contemptible, uncouth.
A braver hand ne'er drew the bow,
In war no fiercer eye could glow;
When the hatchet was buried low,
Tender as the soft-eyed doe.
Not because decreed by fate
Was this Cherokee called great.
'Tis grand to love, mean to hate;
Beyond all price was his estate,
Since love it was that made him great.

Scarce was his chieftain's life begun
When to him was born a son.
Olah, the name the young brave bore,
Graceful as the sycamore,
Stronger than children of his race,
More comely in form and face.
His father looked on him with pride,
The brave was ever at his side,
And found father, friend, and guide.

"The name the young brave bore."

FACING
12

But Yonah's heart a treasure found
In which his very life seemed bound—
Istigua, the Morning Star,
He called his only daughter.
Life of his life, heart of his heart,
She was his always-cherished thought.
As he watched her charms unfold,
Saw her form a perfect mold,
He said: "Istigua no more I see;
Narcoochee henceforth thy name shall be."
Grace, her every motion made,
Her eye perfection of light and shade,
Shone as the light in the eye of night;
As the flash of diamond stars as bright.
Her voice charmed as the larks at dawn,
Welcoming the coming morn.
She drew around her young and old,
Came the timid and the bold.
E'en unafraid came beast and bird,
To listen when her song they heard.
Vying, the mock-bird would repeat
Her notes, rich, varied, full, complete.

When sixteen years had glided by,
And each year left more bright her eye,
And shaped her form more comely;
When fame of her beauty had traveled far,
To distant tribes of the Evening Star,

Beaming in Cherokee's valley—
The maid sang all unconsciously.
As the white cloud in summer's blue,
Far above in the zenith azure,
Was the maiden's heart in its zenith free
From horizon tints of land or sea.
With the heart of a child, a forest child,
A heart all fresh, and pure and wild,
She waked at morn or slept at eve;
Happy, her heart knew not to grieve.
As came the years each brought but good—
Alas! had they but understood.

Summer days were on the wane,
The northern breezes blew again,
Clouds fast hurried to the south,
The bee found scarce a sip for his mouth.
Light and shadow, all the day,
Chased each other as children play.
Autumn fruits mellowed fair,
Golden and crimson in odorous air;
Bird and butterfly, bee and ant
Talked and sang their covenant.
Nuts of the forest greeted you
From their leafy covert-true,
Last gifts of summer passing through,
Throwing them with smile and sigh to you.
Nature too, as if in league

With new life, felt no fatigue;
The decrepit year danced on her way
In garments that rival May.
Subtile odors filled the drowsy air,
Voices lulled and soothed beyond compare.
Ah! those Indian-summer days,
Drowning the senses in golden haze;
Days when heaven and earth draw near,
The fruit of earth is answered prayer.
Cry the young ravens not in vain,
Nor lack the beasts upon the plain.
The hungry with bounteous hand is fed,
When all partake the banquet spread.

In Yonah's lodge the sun shone bright,
Gilding the barbed arrows with light
In Olah's hands, who craved the boon
Quivers to fill for the hunting-moon.
Yonah looked with glad surprise
At the skillful hands and eager eyes,
And said: "The brave is wide awake;
By and by will a warrior make."
'Twas but yesterday the brave
Kept vigil by his grandsire's grave.
Five long days and weary nights
He'd fasted waiting for those sights
To be revealed, the future show
His hungry soul to choose to know.

The totem that should guide his life
To victory in every strife.
Such, their superstition taught,
Must power with this price be bought.
Since seven years of age had been
His fasts and vigils kept, now seen
At last his longed-for totem's form;
Henceforth to him could come no harm—
Protected by its magic power,
Be it beast, bird, insect or flower.
Blinded, their darkened mind
Groped for light, no light to find;
Cycles came and passed away,
And with them brought no cheering ray.
Darkness only, darkness ever!
Who may light from darkness sever?
Not mortal man hath power to do
The things that only God doth know.
On, the savage foot must tread
The forests that the land o'erspread,
And find his way, his food, his fire,
As in the past been found by sire.

Narcoochee, bright as the morning, sat
At Yonah's feet on 'broidered mat.
Her deft fingers crept out and in,
Making a beaded moccasin.
Anon, she looked at him and smiled,

"Bowed 'neath the weight of ninety years."

FACING
16

Happy; thus the time beguiled.
Innocent as the birds and flowers,
Dreaming not of darker hours,—
With a look of mingled fear and doubt
Narcoochee rose and gazed about.
"Father, the prophet stands without,"
She said, then led the prophet in,
Followed by two chiefs grave and thin.
Bowed 'neath the weight of ninety years,
Eyes dimmed with life's unshed tears,
Heart bearing fruitless prayers.
A creed cruel, feelingless,
Naught to brighten, naught to bless—
A superstition pitiless.
Worshiping they know not what,
Savage man made devil's sport.
A shorn Samson, captive brought.
"Universal Brotherhood!"
Why brought they not the world to good?
If life's myst'ry they understood.
Pitiless, they left to die
A helpless brother, passed him by.

Narcoochee bowed her graceful head.
"Great prophet, take my mat," she said.
Laying his hand upon her head,
Blessed her in a voice dread.
"Father, while these breezes blow,"

Spoke the maid in accents low,
"I'll gather on the mountain-side
Nuts for the seer. He will abide
In our lodge till noon to-day.
He likes them, father; bid him stay."

Stepping out of the lodge she stood
Bright and radiant, and good
Was the scene to look upon,
Lighted by the morning sun.
Mountain like a giant tower,
Habited by magic power,
Looked on the vale a winsome child,
As dreaming happy dreams she smiled.
Since God laid his ban
For Adam's sin on earth and man,
No fairer prospect fairer maid
Was born to blossom and fade.
Graceful as an antelope,
And fleet, ran she down the slope,
Clearing the brooklet at a bound
That from the mountain its way found,
And dancing through the meadows green,
Now in shadow, now in sheen,
Darts around the mountain's side,
And caught by Chattahoochee's tide.
Ascending, as she leaves the brook,
Toward the mountain whose stern look

"Stepping out of the lodge she stood."

FACING
18

Seems to forbid her to approach,
And dare not on his rights encroach,
She paused not in her passage fleet
Till yawns a chasm beneath her feet.
Not surer does the young fawn leap
From crag to crag, o'er rugged steep,
Than Narcoochee with free, wild grace,
With hair thrown back from neck and face,
Bounded o'er the precipice.
Full well she knew each rock and rill,
And could the trees recall at will;
Knew where the mountain stream crept
Its stony path, or boldly leapt,
With thundering flow,
To the rocks below,
Pausing, uncertain where to go—
Hearing the river murmur low,
Runs to it with noisy glee,
And to its breast leaps joyously.
Narcoochee clambered far and near,
Where no other foot would dare;
Knew and loved the secret nooks
As a scholar his favorite books.
It was her dear delight to roam
With heart free as her forest home.
At last she found the tree she sought,
Nurtured from the mountain's heart.
Abundant fruit the year had brought;

Its boughs, inviting, bending down,
Richest treasures from root to crown,
Calling harvesters to reap
Ere the storm and tempests sweep
From her hands the store of wealth
Meant for their pleasure, life, and health.

Her self-appointed task was done;
High o'er the mount had climbed the sun.
Her morning seemed but scarce begun,
So great her pleasure in her task—
Toil for her wore pleasure's mask.
By a familiar winding trail,
Through pines that sang a solemn wail,
She came into a gorgeous dale
Where the rainbow-tinted vail
Autumn's lavish hand had spread,
Brighter than Indian bride's when wed.
There trilled the thrush his farewell lay,
On the morrow ready to fly away.
The wren's rare song, in clear rich voice,
Bade all be glad and rejoice;
The swallows circled high and free,
Uttering their note of liberty.
The mocking-birds their solos sang,
And all the trees their chorus rang.
The maiden gathered scarlet leaves,
And, weaving as an artist weaves,

"Twined them in her dusky hair."

FACING
20

Twined them in her dusky hair,
Conscious they made her yet more fair.
Thrilled by the spirit of mirth she sang,
And sweet and clear her voice rang:

"The earth is green, the sky is blue,
Softly the infant breezes coo.
I'll hie me to the woods away,
And gather nuts for a darker day.

"Soon the hunting-moon shall wane,
Wild beasts seek their dens again,
Round the lodge shall howl the storm—
We'll eat our nuts by fires warm."

While singing to the mound she came,
And found her destiny and fame,
She sat down in the grateful shade
An oak on the mound's summit made.
Before her the valley, the mountains stand,
Grim sentinels on either hand.
The sky above and earth below,
Bathed in the mellow golden glow
Of autumn's hazy, half-shut eyes,
Soon to open in surprise
When winter drops his fair disguise—
Mesmeric days of earth and man;
Rare days in God's mystical plan.

While unseen zephyrs round her crept
With soothing touch, Narcoochee slept.
Narcoochee slept, not danger dreaming,
Nor in reality nor seeming;
She slept as nature's petted child,
And sleeping dreamed, and dreaming smiled.

Beyond the oak some hawthorn grew,
A little cluster in full view.
Quick the branches were pushed aside;
From them with swift, noiseless glide
Came a stranger, and stood beside
The tree where lay the sleeping maid
Dreaming in the oak's deep shade.
So quick he came, one scarce could tell
If from the skies the stranger fell.
He looked, started, then bent low,
Watching with gaze intent, yet slow,
As a child sips nectar, sips not fast,
Lest joy of tasting too quick be past.

Narcoochee waked, her slumber broken
By that look, no other token.
Quick as he came the brave withdrew,
And in the hawthorn hid from view.
Narcoochee opened her eyes to see—
Oh, horrible reality!—
The glaring, gloating, savage eye

"He looked, started, then bent low."

FACING
22

Of a panther. She made no cry;
She knew her peril. Alas, to die!
Lashing his tail, he crouched to spring.
Not surer does the eagle wing
His downward flight, and strike his mark,
When he pursues the fleet fish-hawk,
Than the stranger's arrow flew
To the savage heart; yet he knew
Desperate work he had to do.
One leap, and he reached the maddened beast;
Pain, his danger but increased.
With fiercely growling teeth apart
The panther 'waited the onslaught.
With upraised knife and steady eye
He stood, expecting but to die;
But, ever true, hope nerved his arm,
Silenced terror and alarm.
Freed thus, his soul cast fear aside,
Up rose all his savage pride,
Called on his soulless totem's aid,
And thrust with giant might his blade
In the mark the gaping jaw made.
Fierce claws that moment pierced his breast,
His right hand savage teeth held fast.
Sorely wounded and bleeding now,
To strive seemed not in human pow'r,
Yet snatched with left hand from his right
The blade,—he had this done in equal fight,—

Struck through the heart, nor drew again.
His strength was gone, to strive was vain,
And man and beast together fell—
Savage beast, and savage man as well.

Transfixed at first, Narcoochee gazed
On the scene, powerless, amazed.
When deliverance prove nigh,
Thought not her soul lived in her eye?
When the hero lay on the ground,
Up rose her spirits with a bound,
And in a moment stood beside
The prone chief, and wildly cried,
"The brave for Narcoochee has died!"
"Koatohee lives, the beast is not dead!
Back, back, he may harm you," he said.
"I fear not, save danger to you;
Your work is done, mine is to do."
Then loosed the dead claw from his breast,
His right hand from the jaw released,
His head upon her knee she raised,
And on his face a moment gazed.
Seeing from fearful wounds he bled,
Knowing that the beast was dead,
On the body pillowed his head;
Took from his belt his gourd and sped
To the clear rivulet and brought
Water and herbs, as she was taught.

"Clad once more in manhood's strength."

FACING
24

To staunch the blood, and slake his thirst,
These pressing needs had her care first.
Gratitude beaming in her face,
Said to him with artless grace,
" Great brave, I owe my life to thee.
Father's Chief of the Cherokee;
The Chief and Olah, his son,
Will not forget what thou hast done."

Love, the theme since Adam woke and found
His own another life was crowned,
Be the theme on Time's traveled shore,
The feet of fallen man shall tread no more.
Then how the suff'ring couch was blest,
How the maid brought peace and rest
To him. 'Twas bliss to be thus soothed
By the hand of her he loved.
'Twere vain to tell their happiness,
It was one of perfect bliss.
Had they not wakened from that dream
Then it had not been my theme.
Clad once more in manhood's strength,
Koatohee came forth at length,
Rejoiced again to draw the bow,
But sighed from his love to go.
E'en pain had been a luxury,
Since 'twas born for Narcoochee.

Farewell of lovers, gentle, wild,
Of palace-born or forest-child—
Hearts are the same,
If wild or tame,
And ne'er burnt love with brighter flame
Than i' the hearts of these forest-born
On that snow-wreathed winter's morn.
The hunting-moon had sunk below
The western hills to rise no more,
And winter's snow
Lay scattered o'er
Mountain, valley, hill and dale.
Looking through a cloudy veil,
The sun with shrieking winds bewails
The coming of the winter king
Who joys to slay each feeling thing.

Midway the river, on a rocky ait,
Narcoochee for her lover waits,
To speak words that are never said—
The tongue is dumb of forest bred.
Too high the sky for man to reach it,
The heart too holy is for tongue to preach it.
That lonely spot, that rocky ait
Had been their trysting place of late.
Round them surged the swollen stream—
To the careless it might unlucky seem.
Two light canoes o'er the lovers brought,

"Narcoochee for her lover waits."

FACING
26

On the waves rocked, moored to a whort,
Sole tenant of that little isle,
Sole thing that there caught summer's smile.
Chance seed, dropped by some passing bird,
Fell in a crevice, its life stirred
'Mong drift that wind and water brought,
Through which the roots made way and caught
Firm hold in the islet's heart.
The mother nursed her infant tree,
Sung summer winds its lullaby;
Time saw its fruitage fair,
And gay birds feasted there.

Soul speaks to soul: what is good-by?
At last the young brave turned his eye
To the sun as o'er the mount he rose.
"He bids me follow as he goes
The long trail to the setting sun,"
He said. "Since was begun
This journey toward the setting sun
Six moons have waxed and waned.
My warriors have now complained,
My place's unfilled at council fires—
Braves must do as the chief desires.
When the flowers shall wake again,
The green corn wave upon the plain,
When braves and maidens make merry,
Then shall I return to thee."

He pressed her to his beating heart;
One look; and they in silence part.

"Land of the Cherokee,
Again to thee
Leaps with wild joy the war'or's heart,
Toward the rising sun I start,
And now with bounding feet,
Bright star, I pant to meet
The cheering of your beam
That makes my life a dream;
Land of the Cherokee,
Home of my love, I come to thee!

"Land of the Cherokee,
Again on thee
Your sun looks with laughing eye
From the bosom of the sky.
Showers come, bright bows bend,
While on earth blessings descend;
The green corn waves, children sing,
Laugh of braves and maidens ring
In land of the Cherokee,—
Home of my love, I run to thee!

"Land of the Cherokee,
I come to thee.
The young fawns skip and play

"Two light canoes o'er the lovers brought."

FACING
28

Through the long green-corn day;
Unbent is bow, unfilled, quiver;
The doe, safe, lies by the river,
Dreams not of the hunting-moon
That is coming all too soon;—
Land of the Cherokee,
Home of my love, I come to thee!"

Thus it was the young chief sang,
While through the forest rang
Echoing his triumphant song;
Then sank to sleep among
The far-off wooded hills,
Lulled by silver-voiced rills,
That pow'r hath to soothe earth's ills.

In Cherokee arose a wail
That the stoutest heart would quail:

"Alas for the Cherokee!
Alas for Koatohee!
Alas for Narcoochee!
The great Spirit is angry,
He hath laid fearful hand
In wrath on our lovely land;
My people fall, wither away,
Like dry leaves on the windy plain
When fires are kindled to bring the rain

On the parched, the thirsty plain.
Yonah's heart is full of dread,
He looks upon his war'ors dead;
He has no kindly word, no smile,
Sighs and looks upon his child.
No showers cool the burning sky,
The sun looks down with fiercer eye
On meadow, forest, withered plain.
My people cry aloud for rain,
In dread council now are met
The chief, old men, and wise prophet,
To meet the Great Spirit and pray
That he will take the plague away.

"Oh, alas for the Cherokee!
Alas, alas for Narcoochee!
Alas for Koatohee!
The Great Spirit is angry!
He frowns upon Narcoochee's love,
The sky looks angry from above,
He hath withered up the corn,
Through the night no dews are born;
See, the river wastes away,
Like a strong man day by day
When the Great Spirit says decay.
The prophet seeks to know the will
Of the Great Spirit, and fulfill—
With Narcoochee it must go ill.

"Home of my love, I come to thee!"

FACING
30

'Tis said Narcoochee brought the woe;
Alas! the prophet believes it so.

"Come not, Koatohee,
Come not for Narcoochee.
The curse is on the Cherokee,
Come not, lest it fall on thee."

The wail died on the evening air,
A still and solemn hush was there.
The moon rose up—pitying moon,
As if her heart were all in tune;
Her face wrapped in a soft white cloud,
Tender, patient, sweet, subdued,
As weeping for things untoward.
And when night reigned within the wood
(Ill omened bird that bring'st no good),
The owl came, with his dismal screech,
As if a soul he did impeach.
It is his ever-mean delight
Some timid soul to affright—
Bird of terror and of spite.

"We meet, Narcoochee, no more to part!"
Fleet of foot and light of heart,
Koatohee came down the mount,
Like glad waters from the fount,
That laugh and sing for aught or naught,

Sang the song, from its fountain caught—
"We meet, Narcoochee, no more to part."

They met when the sun arose,
Still walked and talked at evening's close;
They wandered where the lilies grew,
Where the sweet eglantine blew,
Wandered by the wasted stream;
They moved, they talked, as in a dream.
She told him of the plague and woe:
"Wasted waters return no more,
To happy hunting-grounds are gone
War'ors, braves and chiefs, and worn,
Faint and weak are those now left;
Each lodge has been of some bereft.
Morrow prophets and chiefs return.
Yonah smiles not, his face is stern;
The prophet shakes his head and groans;
Great is the woe, the prophet mourns;
I dread to see them, yet I wait,
I feel as if they sealed my fate.
There is a blackness in my soul
As that when great storm-clouds roll
O'er all the sky at midnight's hour,
When the moon's light hath no pow'r.
No star can find a pathway through
The angry blackness to our view.
It is as if a great hand drew

"They wandered where the lilies grew."

FACING
32

All shadows down and shut out day
Forever, and we dare not pray.
Morrow at set of sun we'll know,
Narcoochee now from thee must go.
Farewell, come to the river isle
When lips of morning wear a smile."

They met once more to freely speak,
Ere flush of morning left the cheek
Of day. Alone, each watched to know
What was for them in store.
Narcoochee watched at evening close,
Watched and waited, as wait those
Who know, yet dare not own,
That hope hath from them flown.
At evening's dusk she saw borne past
A form. There could but one be cast
In mold so fine—Koatohee!
In wild, despairing agony
She cried: "Can this, can this be thee!"
Commands, entreaties heard she not,
But vowed ever to share his lot.
She followed them to the dread spot
Where lay the dying and the dead,
And there saw her heart's treasure laid.
The council came with fateful face
To Yonah's lodge, Narcoochee's place
Alone not filled. "Naught can we do

Till she be come. Up, quick, haste, go!"
The prophet spoke. "We here will wait.
Bring her with speed, the hour grows late."
They took Narcoochee from beside
Her fated love,—so soon he died,—
Brought her to meet prophet and chief;
Naught mattered it, beside her grief.
Spoke the prophet, with trembling voice:
"To know, we come, the Spirit's choice.
Do know, children, the lots were cast
In the council that now is past.
We make you know the lot did fall
On Yonah's house. You now we call
Again, that we may plant the straws
For Yonah, Olah and thee. Now draws
The child again. The lot is true;
Thus speaks the Great Spirit to you.
We must not seek to fly the doom,
But bravely walk into the tomb.
We must obey the Spirit's will,
And all his words shall we fulfill."
Three straws were planted at the door;
The fatal straw a blood mark bore.
For Yonah first the infant drew,
And held the spotless straw to view;
Again the child put out his hand,
And drew, at the prophet's command.
This placed the brave's life in the scale;

Hushed was each voice, no word or wail.
The infant held the straw again;
Olah was safe, there was no stain.
This time he waited not for word,
Put out his hand and drew the third.
As obeying voice within,
Held not up, as before had been,
But in Narcoochee's hand did place
The fatal straw, and hid his face.
What they worshiped they knew not,
Its creator the world forgot.
"Led captive at the Devil's will"
Would follow this cruel worship still.

With Christ and his Gospel out,
All is darkness, sin and doubt.
Narcoochee knew the cruel sign,
Going to Yonah did entwine
Her arms about him, and rest
Her weary head upon his breast.
"Father, I ask this boon,
To wait till the full moon.
The Great Spirit must be obeyed;
Narcoochee, thy daughter, is not afraid."

Beneath the oak that crowned
The mysterious mound
They made the young chief's grave

Where he rejoiced to save
Narcoochee's life at peril of his own.
In a tent till full of moon
She came and dwelt alone,
Their ill-fated lives to mourn.
When the moon was at its full,
When nature seemed to lull,
The victim for the fane they came:
They found but clay to maim
And immolate, but no pain—
Death had come to rob the fane.

The fire that consumed his child
Burned Yonah's heart; he never smiled
Again. Ere earth was swept
By winter winds, Yonah slept.
They made his grave 'neath the tree
Where slept Narcoochee,
And Koatohee.

NOTES TO NARCOOCHEE

Yonah signifies *bear.*
Narcoochee signifies *evening star.*
Chattahoochee means *red water.*

In complexion, Indians are mostly of a copper cinnamon brown or olive yellow hue, but there are many varieties, merging on one side into the deep, almost negro tint of the Guaicuri and Pericui of Lower California and the Charruas of Uruguay; and on the other side into the almost brilliant blonde of the Mandans and Hydas (Queen Charlotte Islanders).

The ruder races of men are found divided into tribes, each of which is usually named after some animal, vegetable, or thing which is an object of veneration or worship to the tribe. This is the *totem* or god of the tribe.

Among the red Indians of America the following are some of the totems of the tribes, existing or known to have existed: Wolf, bear, beaver, turtle, dear, hawk, heron, reed-grass, tobacco-plant, water, sand, etc.—Chambers' Encyclopædia.

When the Indian boy was about seven years old his first fast was imposed—an all-day watch upon some high or exposed point. Here, smeared with white clay, he kept a sort of vigil. These fasts increased in length and intensity with the lad's years. After a five-day fast the troubled dreams of hunger would reveal to him some bird, beast, or reptile which was to be his "medicine"—his mysterious protector through life.—"Our Fatherland."

Indians fired the forests in time of drought to cause rain.

"Green-corn day" was their midsummer.

The "hunting-moon" was the time that the Indians gathered their winter supply of forest game, etc.

"The Indians are almost all hunters, armed with bow and arrows, spear and dart."

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